

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

VOLUME XXXII.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, NOV. 17, 1910.

Crawford County Citizens.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff	Chas. W. Alder
Register	Kolla W. Bush
Treasurer	Alice R. Failing
Prosecuting Attorney	O. Palmer
Circuit Court Commissioner	W. Palmer
Surveyor	E. P. Richardson

SUPERVISORS.

South Branch Beaver Creek	O. P. Hanna
Maple Forest	Houghton
Grayling	J. P. Henn
Bridge	C. Craven

Publisher and Proprietor

NUMBER 46

Choosing a
Stepmother.

By Gerald Prime

(Copyright 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

"I think we've found her, my boy."

"Found what?" Bob Hunter asked.

"The girl designed by Providence

to become your wife."

The younger man drew the oars into the boat, shifted his feet into a more comfortable position and took out his pipe. "Don't speak a word for three minutes—till I light up," he said, "and then I'll tell you what I think of her."

The other, sitting at the stern and trolling with the air of one who has no expectation, wound the boat under his fishing tackle about his right leg and raised an umbrella.

The promise of sport was too remote to counteract the immediate effect of the sun's ardor.

The boat went on drifting down the

feebly current and the young man with his pipe now in active service, did not resume his oars at once. He made sure that his pipeful of weed was properly alight and then proceeded to fulfil his threat.

Bob Hunter, he began, removing his pipe from his mouth and pausing to convince himself that it was not

about to trick him, "if you were not my father—the very quietest parent a man of my years and discretion ever had—I should be tempted to call you an old humbug."

The older man smiled amiably and shifted the umbrella to the other shoulder.

"Perhaps I am," he said. "Any-

how, Bob, I defer to your judgment."

"Perfectly right that you should,

Bob went on severely. "It was wrong though, in calling you old. You are the youngest person I ever saw for your age—forty-two last April. That is because you paint pictures for a living. With my twenty-one years and self-supporting position in the automobile business, I am your senior by a dozen years. I don't mind that I don't mind that you are the howl-

'And I've been fishing every day for a week and haven't caught a thing," she added so pathetically that all unseen in the dark, Bob kicked his father's foot to call his attention to it.

"Don't you get any bites?" asked the artist ingeniously.

"I hardly know. Sometimes I have fancied that I was getting a queer little nibble, don't you know, but nothing comes of it."

"Remember the advice of the immortal Sir Isaac—'Persevere and keep on persevering,'" counseled the doctor.

"Perhaps I will follow Sir Isaac's advice," she said, rising. "In the meantime I am going to play a lot of Schumann for your father according to my promise of this morning. He's the only person in the camp whose musical taste soars above ragtime."

"I don't mind Schumann at all when—when I'm in good health," Bob protested.

For an entire week the subject which had been brought to such a sudden interruption by the pickerel was not resumed. Hope Terrell was the life of the camp, and even old Mrs. Vechton, who had ceased long ago to speak in unqualified praise of anybody or anything on the foot-stool, was greatly taken with her, and admitted it openly.

"That girl is of the right sort," she declared. "She's got more manner and more common sense than the rest of us combined. She's the real thing. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hunter?"

And Bob—who chanced to be the boy Hunter addressed his father and Hope having gone for a stroll into the village—had the effrontery to reply languidly:

"Miss Terrell—is yes, quite so attrac-

tive, I think, don't you think

Excellent society for father?"

"Young jockeynapes!" the old woman muttered as Bob disappeared around the end of the veranda. "He's completely gone on the girl. pity he hasn't some of his father's good looks and attractive manner."

That night as they lagged on the boat house veranda after the others had retired the artist and his son were discussing the latter's business prospects:

"To hear you talk, Dan, the young man laughed between vigorous draws of his pipe, which was not behaving its best, 'one who did not know you might think that you were contemplating something serious.'

"For instance, Bob?"

"Well, providing me with a brand new stepmother."

"Better stop that business, Bob," counseled his father seriously. Suggestion plays strange tricks now and then."

"Then I wish suggestion would get busy. Only let me choose her and everything will be well."

On the morning of the day appointed for the breaking up of the camp Bob and Miss Terrell were in earnest conversation in a secluded corner of the veranda.

"It's come to a climax," croaked Mrs. Vechton to herself and to any one else who happened to be within hearing.

"Do you recognize this hand?" Hope asked seriously, holding an envelope before Bob's eyes.

"I ought to," he returned promptly. "Dad must have helped himself to my stationery."

"It contains a proposition to be your stepmother," she continued, without looking at him and entirely without embarrassment.

"Noble old Dan!" he cried rapturously. "He's the salt of the earth!"

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Accept unconditionally."

"I shall impose one condition," she said with a flush that made her charming. "You are to leave off calling him Dan. It isn't respectful."

As an earnest of his intention to comply with her terms he kissed her.

"What did I tell you?" demanded Mrs. Vechton, who accepted what she saw as a confirmation of her wisdom in such matters.

"I don't seem to follow you, my boy," said the father.

"It's my opinion that you're in love with Hope Terrell yourself."

"Merciful heavens!"

One sharp glance made it clear to Bob that the mention of Hope Terrell was not responsible for his unusually placid father's outburst. Whatever it was, the excitement had passed off with the exclamation. With the utmost deliberation the fisherman lowered the umbrella and laid it carefully in the bottom of the boat.

"I wonder—something's pulling on my leg like mad."

It was Bob's turn to show excitement, and he did.

"Pull him in, Dan! Don't let him get away!" he fairly shouted, rising to his feet at the risk of overturning the boat.

"To Reduce Flesh.

"Sit down quietly and let me measure him," counseled his father, rolling in his line as calmly as if a 30-pound fish might not have attacked itself to the spoon hook at the other end.

It was only a pickel, but its five pounds of less electrically animated matter put up a gallant fight, and to have killed it was glory enough for one day for an artist who did not profess even to be an amateur.

That was what Hope Terrell said when she met them at the landing and walked with them to the camp, holding one end of the forked birch stick on which the men had strung the afternoon's catch. She expected it as they sat on the boathouse veranda after dinner.

Robert Southey.

NO FAITH IN POSTPONEMENTS

Distress of a Mother Whose Child Contracted Whooping Cough on the Eve of Journey.

Conclusion Reached by a Mississippi Senator—A Darkey Who Was Brought to Trial Accused of Murder.

Private John Allen of Mississippi, tells a story on wool made by Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana, some time ago and sent out extensively by the senator. After a time the senator concluded not to send out any more copies of that speech.

Just when Mrs. Ackroyd had finished packing her trunk and after William Ackroyd had bought railway tickets for her and their two daughters little Besie came down with a severe case of whooping cough. The doctor positively refused to let the child start on a long journey, and even if he had thought it safe for the little one to leave home he assured Mrs. Ackroyd that she would not be permitted to take the patient into a hospital anywhere.

"It reminds me," said Private John, "of the case of a negro I knew down in Mississippi who was to be tried for murder and who had promised the prosecuting attorney to plead guilty."

"The time came for the trial. The prosecuting attorney had no witnesses. He thought none was necessary. While the other business of the court was being cleared up a local lawyer sat down by the negro and asked: 'Do you want to get out of this?'

"Yassir! Yassir, reckon I does."

"So the negro raised the five and went to the lawyer and told him to say nothing, but when the judge asked him to plead, to plead not guilty instead of guilty."

"The negro was arraigned. He pleaded not guilty."

"Look here, you black scoundrel!" yelled the prosecuting attorney, "what do you mean by that plea? Didn't you plead guilty a dozen times you would."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

"I know. He told me the same thing. But I feel that we'll never go."

ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY

HEN Captain Miles Standish, with his little company of 16 hardy pilgrims, discovered the first fresh water encountered by the Mayflower explorers after landing at what is believed to be East Harbor creek on the shores of Cape Cod, the party sat down and drank, and so Mount records in his journal the story.

"We were heartily glad and drunke our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drunke drunke all our lives."

Thus was with "Bisket and Holland Cheese, and a bottle of aquavite," the first New England Thanksgiving dinner eaten on the noon of November 26, 1620, around "fire of sassafras, juniper and pine, which smelled both sweet and strong."

Later these hardy adventurers were able to feast on wild fowl and venison in plenty, as have those who came after them even unto the present day, for the forests of the cape abound with game, and the waters with fishes very much as in the days of the little Pilgrim band who in the Mayflower's cabin signed the first New England charter.

Although not set down in the laws, the reunion feast became an informal annual function, and there can be but little doubt that Thanksgiving day as known to us of the present had its origin in and was inspired by the ability of the pilgrim band to soften the strong waters of the hospitable Dutch with the spring waters of the New world, by chance shall we say? Or to what cause shall we credit the selection of the last week of November for the day of feasting and prayer now so eagerly looked for and as carefully observed as Christmas, the New Year or Independence Day? The day of thanks is more typically a national holiday than is any other. It is American and unique. Every community has one or more days set apart to commemorate independence or the granting of some great boon to its people that may be considered a step on the stairway to liberty, but the Thanksgiving day of the United States is without a close comparison in any land. Thanksgiving day begins the winter season.

Wherever you find an American you will, as the month of November wanes, find one who thinks more of being at home or at the home of intimate friends for Thanksgiving day. Clubs, hotels, public institutions, all see to it that their patrons, members or inmates are provided with a sumptuous repast for the one great feast day, and whenever and wherever possible a great fat turkey graces the board.

The turkey should be our national bird, as it is or, rather, was everywhere in a wild state, and helped the original colonists to provide for their families. It has for 300 years been the chief feature at all important strictly American banquets, and may we safely call it our greatest national food delicacy. The Spaniards in Florida, French in Louisiana, Pilgrims in Cape Cod and founders of the Virginia company all found the wild turkey ready for the sport and table in their new home, and the American of today, from the president of the United States to the hum-

blest citizen of the country, will enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey.

If one would enjoy a good old fashioned Thanksgiving day at its best the true road to the feast lies in the country. Thanksgiving on the farm is something to be remembered. There the whole family is taken into consideration and it is safe to say that each individual member has been preparing for the day almost ever since the celebration of the last one.

Stores of mince, apple and pumpkin pies have been baked and ranged on the broad shelves of the store room; apple sauce, preserves, with home-made pickles, "put down" months before required for use; stores of grapes, apples, pears and nuts, carefully looked over; a goodly ham, freshened in cold water 24 hours, then carefully wiped dry and placed in a pot of cider to boil 15 minutes to the pound; a loin of pork, roasted to a rich golden brown, to be served with apple sauce, and the feature of the feast—the turkey, fattened to about the 20-pound mark, the pride of the farmer and the joy of his wife.

The turkey, hatched on the farm and as carefully watched as any member of the family, fattened on grain and meal with a mixture of chopped nut meats to give it the proper flavor, killed one week before the feast and hung in an outhouse, where it is kept cold, but will not be injured by the frost, is brought in the night before for final treatment before being consigned to the oven.

The great bird is carefully picked and drawn, the interior wiped out, not washed, which would destroy the flavor, and filled with what is known in the country as "the stuffing," a thick mixture of sausage meat, bread crumbs and eggs, with just a faint touch of sage and onion. When prepared and placed in the huge oven to roast it becomes the duty of one cook to watch the oven and baste the roast until it is evident to the practical eye of the heroine of many such conflicts that the turkey is ready to be served with fresh made cranberry sauce and a rich gravy, in which all the giblets have been stirred with some well-balanced chestnuts. Now, everything being ready,

the family and guests (and there are sure to be guests in country at a country Thanksgiving dinner) troop into the long dining room, to find the repast not only ready, but served with all the pomp and state the feast deserves.

The turkey is placed before the host, while the roast loin of young pig graces the opposite end of the table, with the boiled ham in the center flanked with mashed white and baked sweet potatoes, turnips and cauliflower, with boats of gravy, and bowls of sauce within easy reach of all. Now "pass up your plates," is requested from each end of the table, and the offertress this repeated advice is followed the more the face of the good matron glows with satisfaction. The great pitchers of foaming cider pass along the board, and the diner at a farm Thanksgiving feast finds it all so novel and good that the vision comes up before him frequently while struggling with a complicated menu at his club or some hotel or mincing through the series of problems presented at a French or Italian table d'hôte dinner.

On every Yankee warship in the hot lands of far away Malay Islands, Cuba, Guam, Panama, the Sandwich Islands and under the flag that floats over every American consul's home or office Thanksgiving day will be celebrated, and like another stitch in the great red quilt of liberty and independence will knit the fabric closer together.

We do well to have a Thanksgiving feast. We thank the great Creator for our being, our sturdy forefathers for our great country, our Puritan ancestors for our love of country and good things to eat, our bustling energy for rapid progress, our wives and mothers for domestic atmosphere that makes life enjoyable and success certain and the rulers we have placed in power for unparalleled prosperity.

is Thanksgiving, and we are all away from home, so my sister and I decided to play that you and everybody else in this car, belong to our family, and to invite you home to our section, for a Thanksgiving dinner."

He saw what she meant, and the baby reached out toward her, as if it understood, too. Genevieve took the little one in her arms. "You see that the baby is willing, and a little child would lead you."

"Oh, of course, we will be glad to accept your kind invitation. If my children won't disrupt the party."

"No, indeed," she assured him, "we need children to make a Thanksgiving dinner complete," and, with the baby in her arms, she walked down to the golden-haired lady.

"Will you join us in our dinner party?"

"Thank you," returned the girl, "but I have my dinner with me."

"Very good! We want you to put your dinner in with ours and from the size of your basket, I should imagine you have more than all the rest of us put together."

"I will go to a wedding, too." The golden-haired girl had forgotten that she was not to speak to a gentleman without an introduction. But she remembered in time to lean round to our companion. "I am getting back to Chicago," he said, "to attend my sister's wedding, and I suppose that I ought to add that I am thankful I am going to have a new brother next week."

"Whose?" in coming to her rescue had forgotten that no questions were to be asked.

"My brother's," she replied, some where back of my shoulder."

"Perhaps her brother is to marry my sister." The young man had heard her answer. "She is to marry a Mr. Jenkins, I think that I have never seen him before."

"You can assist by furnishing some thing toward the dinner."

He pushed his hand down into his pocket. "I have a piece of chocolate and two sticks of chewing gum, which are at your disposal." The frank smile on the young man's face revealed no tendancy toward freshness, but the older man, not being able to see his face, feared that he was inclined to make sport of my sister. Therefore, he leaned forward and said: "There is a dinner on, and I think we could go in."

"No, no," interrupted Genevieve; "we don't want to go into the dinner. We want a 'make believe' family reunion."

"Where is your family?" His smile broadened.

"All in this coach who will come."

Here the young man in the sweater turned round, and she addressed him: "Will you come, too? And—?"

"With pleasure, if I can be of any assistance."

"You can assist by furnishing some thing toward the dinner."

He pushed his hand down into his pocket. "I have a piece of chocolate and two sticks of chewing gum, which are at your disposal."

The girl again hesitated. "My mother told me not to get acquainted with people on the train, for fear some thing might happen, because I have never been out of California before, and she is afraid for me to take such a long trip alone."

The golden-haired girl sat alone, not more than that train, and the young man with the sweater read no more magazines. They may have been talking about the coming wedding, but as we were about to leave the train at Salt Lake City, our Israeltite "relative" said over the back of our seat,

"There may be more than one wed-

"That is the romance of our Thanksgiving dinner," suggested the father of the children who was at last asleep, and he had time to enter into a conversation.

"Now, my dear girl, we won't enjoy our dinner party just behind you here,

knowing that you are eating all alone."

The man with the children had been down to the end of the car, giving each of them a drink, and returned to his seat, just as Genevieve was ready to put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

is the best you have."

The man with the children had been

down to the end of the car, giving each

of them a drink, and returned to his

seat, just as Genevieve was ready to

put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion,"

she began, but seeing a shadow pass

over his face, hastened to add: "This

UNCLE SAM PURSUING A MINISTER



REV. NORMAN PLASS

BOSTON, MASS.—The federal authorities are still seeking for Rev. Norman Plass, president of the Reddenable Investment company whose offices were raided by them recently because it was accused of being an illegal "get-rich-quick" concern. The manager was arrested but Plass escaped and is believed to be in British Columbia. Plass is a graduate of Williams college and of the Yale Divinity school; has held pastorates in Detroit and other cities and was president of Washburn college in Topeka, Kan., from 1902 to 1908.

\$190,000 FOR A BED

Top Price Paid by Stephen Marchand for Bedstead.

Massive Piece of Ebony Bought by American—Carvings Alone Cost \$84,000—Masonic Affairs in French Collection.

London.—Nowadays bedsteads are comparatively cheap, and \$100 is considered a big price for even a rich man to spend on a couch wherein he may pass away in comfort, his sleeping hours.

Occasionally, however, a millionaire will spend a few hundreds or thousands of pounds on the furnishing of his bed-chamber and he will not be satisfied unless the bedstead equals in splendor the bedsteads to be found in the world's royal palaces.

Stephen Marchand, an American of vast wealth, made up his mind to possess the most expensively fitted bed-

chamber in the two hemispheres, and with this purpose in view he spent not less than \$100,000 on a bedstead alone. It was constructed of massive ebony, with elaborate carvings of solid ivory and inlaid with gold filigree. At the head of the bedstead was a huge trophy cut from one solid piece of ivory. A special journey was taken to Africa to obtain a massive tusk for the purpose.

The bedstead was made by a large firm in Paris and it occupied the finest artisans of France for over two years before it was completed. The hangings were of a special purple damask, costing nearly \$25 a yard.

Mr. Marchand's bedchamber, which was of elliptical form and measured 76 feet by 22 feet, had its wall panelled with elaborately carved enrichments in the style of Louis XV., costing no less a sum than \$64,000. The ceiling of this apartment was carved and decorated by Parisian artists who were paid \$19,300.

A rich London lady, a year or two

PIGS AND COWS ARE OUSTED

Sleek, Fat Hog Is Supplanted by Wheeze and Gas-of-Joy Car-Animal to Background.

New York.—Not even the pigs can escape the onward march of the automobile. The Mount Holly (N. J.) porker has heard its honk and fled to the background and oblivion.

Where once the thrifty patrons of husbandry were wont to gape and marvel at the sleek, fat sides of the prizewinners between races at the Mount Holly fair, hereafter will reign supreme the wheeze and the gas of the joy car. The officials have ruled that no more cattle or pigs are to be shown at the Mount Holly fair, because the space they used to occupy is demanded by the automobiles.

Menelik's News Agency

Adis, Ababa.—The Abyssinian government announces that it has founded a correspondence office under the ministry of foreign affairs for the dissemination of authoritative official intelligence concerning Abyssinia.

Parasol a Wireless Phone.

Omaha, Neb.—Using a parasol frame as an antenna, Dr. Frederick Millener, an electrical engineer, perfected a wireless telephone which worked well in a "try-out."

DESTINY BY SCIENTIFIC MEANS

Measurements Will Show What Career You Are Most Suited For—Instruments Not New.

Pittsburg.—The general system of mental and physical diagnosis of Dr. Watson L. Savage, head of the department of health of the Carnegie Technical Institute, is destined to revolutionize educational methods. Dr. Savage believes also he is sure it will better the health and increase personal effectiveness in all walks of life when it is generally practiced.

Dr. Savage means to size up a student by measuring him with fine instruments from head to toe. A certain type of mouth and throat charted after infinitesimally fine measurements, may show that the student should become a clergymen. Taken in connection with other measurements of head and internal organs they will promise a career for him as a ward politician.

Measurements will show whether

he spent over \$50,000 in furnishing his bedchamber. The carpet—a grand hand-tied purple Axminster—cost \$7,000.

The chairs and other furniture are of solid carved ivory, with ebony and gold inlay. The toilet fittings are of oriental alabaster and cost some hundreds of pounds.

In the center of the room is a Cochinchina table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and worth \$750. The bedstead is of brass, inlaid with fine pearls, and at the head is an artificial landscape of crystal, ivory, amber, pearls and other stones.

The bedchambers in the palaces of Turkey are most magnificent and the majority of the royal couches within them are worth small fortunes.

When the German empress once visited the exultant Abdul Hamid a room was placed at her disposal which contained a bedstead constructed entirely of solid silver, artistically chased in many elegant designs. The curtains which surrounded it were of fine material and design, heavily embroidered with gold.

The Shah of Persia possesses one of the finest bedchambers in existence; its suite of furniture is manufactured from ivory and inlaid with gold and precious stones. The curtains and curtain-hangers are of the finest Brussels net, interwoven with silk.

The chef d'œuvre of the whole apartment is the bedstead. It is composed of solid silver, artistically chased in many elegant designs. The curtains which surrounded it were of fine material and design, heavily embroidered with gold.

The Shah of Persia possesses one of the finest bedchambers in existence; its suite of furniture is manufactured from ivory and inlaid with gold and precious stones. The curtains and curtain-hangers are of the finest Brussels net, interwoven with silk.

The train was going at terrific speed, and came upon the car without warning. Its approach being hidden by a string of box cars. The conductor of the car had gone ahead, and after looking up and down the track had signaled his motorman to go ahead.

He had so more than done so that the train came around a slight curve and crashed into the trolley car which had just started across it.

The front end of the car was smashed to kindling wood and Motorman Abbott's life snuffed out in an instant. So were the lives of four passengers.

Scounded No Warning.

The train is alleged to sound no warning whistle, although the crossing is known as a very dangerous one on account of a slight curve just east of it. At the time of the wreck some box cars were standing on a siding and an engine on another track making the view from the street always meager, still more so.

The story of how the wreck happened is best told in the words of the conductor, Vern Van Horn, and L. D. Parker, a passenger who got off the car with Van Horn when he started ahead just before the crash to see if all was clear.

Van Horn is a nervous wreck since the accident, but before he collapsed he told this story of the circumstances.

"I waited for a switch engine to pass over the crossing. Our car stood about 50 feet from the crossing. When the switch engine and the cars which were running east had passed I jumped out of the vestibule and ran ahead on the track.

Van Horn Almost Struck.

"There were a number of cars standing on a siding near the crossing. An engine went east across the track, the water tank down the track, a short distance from the crossing. I checked twice to make sure that the engine was not moving. Then I motioned my car ahead. Just as I stepped to one side to let my car pass, our train behind the box cars came on the track at terrific speed. It was almost directly between the street car and the train and how I escaped I do not know. Then came the crash.

"My God, I will never forget it. Oh, it was awful!

"Motorman Abbott was a personal friend of mine. I knew he was killed. Oh, I know it. Since Abbott and I have been running together we have tried to get along without a single accident and this was our first."

Van Horn is married and has two children. He is 25 years old.

4,500 Orphans Safe in Fire.

Three thousand boys and 1,500 girls, orphan inmates of the Catholic protective factory in the upper part of New York city, were routed from their beds by fire.

Thanks to the coolness and discipline of the 60 Christian brothers in charge of the institution, there was no panic and the shivering children went through the routine and fire drill as calmly as on any of the weekly practice occasions.

The fire destroyed a five-story wing of the main building. It started in a basement kitchen.

Food Prices Are Declining.

Food prices are on the down grade according to meat dealers in Kansas City and other centers, who are supported by dealers in food supplies.

"General food prices are working towards a lower basis," says Chas. W. Arnoux, head of the Armour interests.

"The cereals are getting down. People are going to take advantage of lower prices and that will have a tendency to relieve the stringency in meat prices, especially pork."

Ex-Mayor Rose Weds.

Former Mayor David Rose, of Milwaukee, and Mrs. Rosemary Whitney, a former vaudeville actress, were married in Paw Paw at the summer home of Mr. Rose. The wedding was witnessed only by Mr. Rose's two children and his secretary. The event was kept a secret until after the ceremony had been performed. W. A. Mason, an Episcopal rector of New York, officiated. The couple will spend the winter in the east.

Five hundred hackmen employed by four of the big cab service companies in New York were called out in support of the taxicab strikers. Some of the men formerly employed by the big express companies and who have been out on strike have resumed work.

The United States is to be in better full communication hereafter with Australia according to reports from Consul-General John P. Bray, at Sydney, Australia, announcing the completion of arrangements for a new steamship service to San Francisco.

A boat will leave Auckland, N. Z., every four weeks, or 13 times a year.

Promising the decision of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in America, the superior court of Hamilton county declared illegal a proposed merger of the First, Second and Central Presbyterian church of Cincinnati. Property valued at \$750,000 is involved.

For Coronation Plumes.

London.—A movement has been started in South Africa with the object of securing special recognition for ostrich feathers by making the plumes with the approval of King George and Queen Mary, the prevailing fashion at the coronation. It is suggested that Queen Mary should be requested to accept an ostrich fan or an expression of loyalty from Captain Colony.

SIX ARE KILLED

AT KALAMAZOO

FAST FREIGHT TRAIN CRASHES INTO A TROLLEY CAR, CAUSING TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

FREIGHT CAR ON SWING AND A SLIGHT CURVE OBSTRUCTS VIEW OF CONDUCTOR.

Lives of Five Snuffed Out Instantaneously; One Dies in Hospital; Others Injured.

Six persons were killed and twelve others injured when a fast freight train crashed into a street car at the Michigan Central crossing on Main street, Kalamazoo.

The train was going at terrific speed, and came upon the car without warning. Its approach being hidden by a string of box cars. The conductor of the car had gone ahead, and after looking up and down the track had signaled his motorman to go ahead.

He had so more than done so that the train came around a slight curve and crashed into the trolley car which had just started across it.

The front end of the car was smashed to kindling wood and Motorman Abbott's life snuffed out in an instant. So were the lives of four passengers.

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not wish him to be put out of the debate,ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Partisan dart:

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not

wish him to be put out of the debate,

ously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his

Crawford Avalanche.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.	
One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	.75
Three Months.....	.40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY Nov. 17.

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Time.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Where Did You Get That Ring?

With what an elaborate argument, perhaps spiced with some temper, the youngling tries to reverse the opinion of the old. The sprinkle of gray on the maternal forehead is rather an indication to the recent graduate of the female seminary that the circumstances of today or tonight are fully appreciated. What a wise boarding school that would be if the mothers were the pupils and the daughters the teachers! How well the teens would chaperon the fifties! Then mothers do not amount to much anyhow. They are in the way and are always asking questions about postage marks of letters and asking, "Who is that Mary D?" and "Where did you get that ring, Flora?" and "Where did you get that ring, Myra?" For mothers have such unprecedented means of knowing everything. They say it was a bird in the air that told them. Alas, for that bird in the air! Will not someone lift his gun and shoot it? It would take whole libraries to hold the wisdom which the daughter knows more than her mother. "Why cannot I have this?" "Why cannot I do that?"

Make Some One Happy.

For God's sake make some one happy for ten minutes if for no longer a time.

A young woman bound on such a mission, what might she not accomplish? Oh, there are thousands of these manufacturers of sunshine! They are King's Daughters, whether inside or outside of that delightful organization. They do more good before they are twenty years of age than selfish women who live ninety, and they are so happy just because they make others happy. Compare such a young woman who feels she has such a mission with one who lives a round of vanities, card-case in hand, calling on people for whom she does not care, except for some social advantage, and insufferably bored when the call is returned, and trying to look young after she is old, and living a life of insincerity and hollowness and dramatization and show.

Throw It Away.

Stand up, little kid, with your cigarette burned clean up to your profane lips. Do you know that the poison you are so eager to infuse into every inch of your youthful hide, maybe before a hundred years have rolled over your head, make you not only color blind, but blind as a bat as well? "Yay," you didn't. Well that is the next affliction we are threatened with. The Scientific American says so, and we have grown in the habit of relying upon that starched sheet. In London, tobacco blindness has become quite prevalent, and instances are cropping out on our own sides of the pond, too. Throw away your cigar and wait at least until you have a hundred and eight pounds of sound avowals to carry around before you begin to stuff your skin with nicotine poison. Then maybe it will take you the rest of your natural lifetime to get enough of the weed to put out your eyes and plant a malignant cancer on the root of your sancy little tongue. "Your grandfather smoked till he was eighty and he chewed, too." Yes and that is the reason you should let it alone, at least until you are twenty-five. You were born with enough poison in your blood without beginning to stuff more down your throat before you are out of the nursery. Throw it away. Nobody expects babies to help pay the national debt.

A Great Curse.

One of the greatest curses of this intellectual age is the great lack of a proper education of our girls in the practical affairs of the everyday life. They all want to be "school marms," governesses or the wives of rich men. Housewives, which should form the basic principle of our economic life, is shunned by them as something disgraceful. A young woman will stand behind a dry goods counter fourteen hours a day for a mere pittance—not enough to clothe her—lose her health become anaemic and unfit for the performance of her natural duties, rather than accept a position as a domestic where she would have a comfortable home, good health, and become properly fitted for the duties of wife and mother.

The spiritual advance made by man is seen chiefly in this, that so much of the money he earns goes to the mind, refinement, education, entertainment, to the wife and children he loves. But the woman sees no money. All her sufficient, her ample husband, content, happiness, the greater in children, the more she needs.



OVERCOAT WEATHER SURE ENOUGH

Well, here are the Overcoats!—and SUCH Overcoats as you never saw before at their PRICES.

Every good kind you can mention from ALL the best makers in broad America are here to choose from; no such assortment to be found ANYWHERE else. Equally fine assortment of suits, too, at

\$15 \$18 \$20
MAY CO. "SPECIAL" CLOTHES

For men, possess, as ready-to-wear garments, several points that place them in the scale with the work of BEST tailors. Practically exclusive patterns, in novelty mixtures, and plenty of blues and black. Price range

\$15.00 to \$25.00

BOYS' \$8 "AUTO" OVERCOATS

All new swell, button to neck Auto coats, in sizes 7 to 16; biggest values of the season; full cut, extra well tailored, look like the high-priced ones, \$8.00 kind.

\$5.

Boy Suits at \$5.00

This special sale of Boys' \$6.00 and \$6.50 Knee Pant Suits at \$5.00, is of big interest to those who have a boy's suit to buy Age 4 to 18

Pleased to say Bay City free of all Contagion.

L. E. Oppenheim & Co., BAY CITY MICH.

There is just as much reason that a man should work within the house as there is that a woman should work outside the house. He is just as well qualified to work indoors as she is to work outdoors. It is just as much his duty to do the one as it is his duty to do the other. But it seldom or never occurs to his wife to ask him to do it, or to think that he ought to do it.

Dandies and fops are like a body without soul, powder without ball, lightning without thunderbolt. It is a dream of a doll, paint on sand. There is much of this in the world. We see it in respect to everything considered valuable. The counterfeiter gives the show of gold to his base coin, and show the value to his lying bank note. The thief hangs out the show of honesty on his face, and the liar is thunderstruck if any one suspects him of equivocation. The bankrupt carries about him the insignia of wealth. The fox puts on the masquerade of dignity and importance and the poor helle, whose mother wants to buy her plumes, outshines the poorness of the court.

Will Promote Beauty.

Women desiring beauty get wonderful help from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It banishes pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils. It makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures sore eyes, cold sores, cracked lips, chapped hands. Best for burns, scalds, fever sores, cuts, bruises and piles. 25¢ at A. M. Lewis & Co. drug store.

UNPRECEDENTED OPPORTUNITY.

Three Great Shows at One Time in Chicago.

One of the most valuable features of the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago this year, and which takes place on the dates of November 26th to December 3rd, inclusive, is that it occurs at the same time at which the "Land Show" and "Apple Show" are held. These great exhibitions, presented at the same time in the great city of Chicago, that wonderful metropolis of the West, and the food depot of the world, offer an unprecedented opportunity for everyone who is interested in farming, breeding, the development of land, and the apple-growing industry, such as has never occurred before, to pay a visit to Chicago at this time. Apart from the pleasures of the trip, they will be able to kill three birds with one stone, as well as do their shopping and domestic purchasing at the most interesting season of the year, when the stores are filled with everything in a grand success.

In September Mr. Fredather-ton, of Wenatchee, Washington, which is perhaps one of the most famous apple-growing districts of the West, visited the land of the St. Helen Development Company, at St. Helen. He came to investigate the land from an apple-growing standpoint, and what he saw absolutely convinced him that there were greater possibilities at St. Helen than in his own district at Wenatchee. Mr. Batherton purchased thirty acres

from the St. Helen Development Company, to be planted to orchard, and he expects to move to Michigan next spring and commence the development of this tract of land.

In conversation with Mr. Batherton he said, "I am absolutely astonished that no greater effort is being put forth to develop the fruit possibilities of this part of Michigan. From the investigations that I have made, I am satisfied that if the same effort is put forth in Michigan that is put forth in the irrigated districts of the West, much more satisfactory results would be obtained than in the West. I have never in all my experience seen better growth of apple trees than I have seen in the orchards examined in Roscommon county, and I am so pleased with the result that I intend to cast in my lot with the men developing this district, and I feel certain that the result will justify my judgement."

Mr. D. F. Druckemiller, of St. Louis, Missouri, is another convert to the fruit-growing possibilities of Northeastern Michigan. Recently he visited St. Helen, and he likewise purchased a tract of land for the growth of small fruits and cherries, plums and apples. Mr. Druckemiller is an experienced orchardist and has had especial experience in the growth of small fruits. He will make a specialty of strawberries, and is of the opinion that the possibilities of Northeastern Michigan for the growth of this fruit will be superior to the strawberry district in Southeast Missouri, or any other state in which he has had experience.

It behoves the settlers of all the Northeastern counties to examine into this matter most carefully, and take advantage of the opportunity being at their door for the commencement of a most profitable adjunct to the farm, or a most successful business if taken alone. Do not let it be said that the opportunities of Northeastern Michigan have not been exploited, and even what little effort there has been made, has been discouraged, rather than encouraged, as for instance, the effort of Mr. Ward at Frederic. This man was beset with discouragements from the very start, but despite everything promised to become a most flourishing industry.

Obituary.

Many of our citizens were saddened last week, by the news of the death of one who was well known here in her earlier years, by those of her age, the business interests of her father, the late E. N. Salling, bringing him here many times each season, and the social relations of the families, having been of almost life long duration, brought them often together, as they were all claimed as among our citizens.

Mrs. Jane Rannous, nee. Salling, died at their home in Detroit, Wednesday, Nov. 18, after a brief illness, which a surgical operation failed to alleviate as was hoped.

The body was taken to the family home in Manistee, and the funeral conducted by Rev. Mr. Staley, of that city, was held Saturday at 2 p.m., at the residence of her brother, the large attendance being but a slight token of the esteem and love given the deceased.

She leaves her husband and daughter, Marion, to mourn her going, as do all who had ever known her. Mr. and Mrs. Esber Hanson, Messrs. Oscar Hanson, Victor Salling and Fred Mitchell of Grayling, and F. L. Michelson of Johannesburg attended from here.

Shall Women Vote?

If they did millions would vote. Dr. King's New Life Pills, the true remedy for women. For banishing dull, flagging feelings, backache or headache, constipation, dispelling colds, imparting appetite and toning up the system, are unequalled. Easy, safe, sure. 25¢ at A. M. Lewis drug store.

Farmers Buying Autos.

The number of automobiles owned by farmers is growing rapidly. Out of 10,000 autos in Iowa, 6,000 are owned by farmers. Kansas farmers spent \$3,200,000 for automobiles during 1909, and \$2,750,000 in 1908. In one Nebraska town of 800 population, 40 autos were sold last year to farmers near the town and retired farmers in the town. Careful estimate of the number of automobiles owned by farmers in the entire United States is 70,000.

ROAD BUILDING IN FRANCE.

The French end of the Corniche is kept in perfect repair by a gang that is always on patrol. The road lies in a big green valley, shaded along by the steam train that runs across it as a traction engine. A crushed stone is ready at hand, laid by manual labor and in by the heavy machine. In case the road is to go to wreck, the cost of repairing is kept

Washburns-Crosby's

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

The World's best possible

MAKES

BETTER AND CHEAPER

BREAD

than any other kind of flour

BUY IT

TRY IT!

SALLING HANSON CO.



Watch this SPACE Next Week.

A. KRAUS & SON.

LEADING DRY-GOODS STORE.

Time Card

In effect Oct. 2, 1910

Manistee & N. E. R. R.

Time Card

In effect Oct. 2, 1910

Read Down

Read Up

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

9.40 2.25 9.20

*9.53 *2.35 *9.05

10.33 3.12 12.37 8.25

*11.00 *2.32 *12.15 *7.58

12.15 3.55 11.45 7.20

12.55 4.28 10.33 6.29

1.15 4.44 2.25 4.28

2.05 5.45 10.30 6.14

*2.21 *5.54 *9.10 *5.09

"Norwalk" *9.04 *5.00

8.40 4.35 A. M.

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

9.46 5.10 6.27

*9.07 5.28 6.28

9.14 5.33 6.28

9.37 5.52 6.28

9.56 6.02 6.28

10.11 6.23 6.28

10.17 6.20 6.28

10.11 6.23 6.28

9.53 4.04

9.47 3.56

9.45 *Traverse C 9.33 3.40

A. M.

CONNECTIONS:

At Walton for points north and south on G. R. & I. R. R.

At Kaleva for points on P. M. R. R.

At Manistee for Chicago and Milwaukee via boat lines.

E. A. MITCHELL, Gen. Trade Mgr.

D. RILEY, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Have you tried our Home-Smoked Hams?

We sell them whole or sliced.

Yours for the Asking.

Peoples Market

R. H. MILLS Prop.

Distance Too Far for Wireless.

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, Nov. 17.

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, etc., adduce, etc., must reach us by Friday, November 14, and cannot be considered later.

Opera House, Thanksgiving evening, "Shadowed or a Wife's Peril."

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

A new mitch cow and calf for sale.

Enquire of C. Yost, Grayling, Mich.

Geo. Langevin delivers St. Charles coal at your house. Phone 591.

FOR SALE—A good cow. Enquiry of Miss Ballard, Norway Street.

Bates sells the best Coal.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Don't fail to see "Shadowed or a Wife's Peril" at the Opera House Thanksgiving evening.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on T. R. Doffrow.

The boys are beginning to bring in rabbits for dinner, and say potpies are good.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with

SALLING-HANSON COMPANY

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street, H. R. Depprow.

There are more foreign hunters in this section than for many years and deer are falling rapidly.

St. Charles Coal is the best ever brought to this market. For sale by Geo. Langevin, Phone No. 591.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich.

LOST—An automobile Tire Chain, between town and Portage Lake. Finder please return to A. E. Michelson.

LOST—A white sewing bag lined with pink, containing two guest towels. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

COAL—Have a large supply of the best St. Charles coal on the road and will deliver at right price. Phone 591. Geo. Langevin.

John A. Love of Beaver Creek, will have about a thousand bushels of corn this year. Poor man, poor land, poor county?

\$80.00 per month straight salary and expenses, to men with ing, to introduce our Poultry Remedies. Don't answer unless you mean business.

Eureka Poultry Food Mfg. Co. (Incorporated.) East St. Louis, Ill.

Oct 27-4 t.

John Little who was a resident here for ten years, until he went to Wash-

ington about four years ago, has re-

turned to the "only town on the map,

and his many friends hope he will make it his home again.

Our village council are taking

effective measures to keep small pox

away from here. Vaccination is ac-

knowledged to be the only known

preventive, and hundreds have al-

ready sought the remedy.

Luke Hanson has been up from West Branch, for a hunt with the boys. He

is enjoying the exome if nothing more.

He says the woods, down the river is full of hunters.

Miss Elsie Salling celebrated her

thirteenth birthday last week Wed-

nesday evening, assisted by a "balcony

dozen" of her young friends, and a

sufficient number of ladies to keep the

youngsters in line. It was a jolly

crowd, and all will remember it as a

lovely milestone in their journey

through life.

Fred Fink and his sister, Mrs.

Hinkley of South Branch, who were

employed in Goldwater, in a shoe fac-

tory, and their mother, Mrs. H. Fink,

went there to care for them in August

and all returned last week, the sick

ones having fully recovered. Fred

will stay to catch a few deer, while

Mrs. Hinkley takes a needed rest, and

both will return to their work.

J. H. Sorenson was down from

Michelson one day last week, and re-

ports good business in the store and

everyone satisfied. He has a fine

bird's-eye view of their embryo city on

a post card, showing the two main

mouths and yards and twenty com-

fortable uniform cottages for their

men on one street, and a good school

house. The store and other residence

part of the village does not show on

this, but are given from another

view.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

varnished, all woodwork cleaned, a

through cleaning of the entire room.

The audience room of the M. E.

Church has been undergoing repairs

for the past two weeks. The old

shutters have been taken out, the

paper torn off, new material put on

and frescoed, the seats cleaned and

Jupiter Pluvius is a bit of a tease.

Even a perfect climate has its ups and downs.

Any garment that is waterproof is the tall style in raincoats.

Where is the use in carrying a hobble woman to a dance?

Cholera, like its undesirable citizens, Europe may keep at home.

Sunshine is all right, but the hunter's moon has its excellencies also.

King Manuel thinks of coming to the United States, which is a very nice country.

Eight women's clubs at Panama. Between clubs and spades the big job will go through.

How much easier "airplane" would be to pronounce if we could only call it "aeroplane."

There are times when the "old-timers" man is more of a nuisance than ever before.

Cuba hopes some day to get its storms trained to pick bananas, but not to damage shipping.

It is proposed that all the concealed weapons and their bearers be sent to the Panama canal to fortify it.

A professor calls for a Supreme Court of Science. Would any two experts agree on any proposition?

Persons of slender means will be glad to learn that they can purchase radium now for only \$2,100,000 an ounce.

In the present stage of aviation it is much easier to effect insurance on a flying machine than on the man who flies it.

Any remote corner of the world may wake up some morning soon to find a badly damaged balloon in its back yard.

Decision that the "exaggerated ego" does not imply actual insanity doubtless will cause many people to breathe sighs of relief.

Dogfish is all right as food, says the United States fish commission. We shall all have a chance to try it—as hambut probably.

Evidently the Japanese minister who wants to build sixteen dreadnaughts is not afraid of what the airship is going to drop on them.

"Only once," writes a correspondent of the New York Sun, "have I met a woman who stuttered." Women have no time to stutter.

Up-to-date aviators like the rain because it kills the wind and not because it makes the plowing easier when they alight unexpectedly.

"Never pin your faith to a woman who says she will be ready in five minutes—and isn't, says life. Are there any women like that?

The remarkable persistency of women in trying to buy jewels into this country illegally suggests that "smugglerama" is not a fashionable variation of kleptomania.

A man in New York was buried under tons of granulated sugar. He was dug out in time, but few men have had his experience of facing a death so sweet.

Autumn sunshine is an excellent thing to store up before the semi-hibernation which winter forces upon many persons who shrink from cold weather.

A St. Louis man stood up for three hours in one of the busiest streets after being dead. Evidently the St. Louis policemen are not in the habit of compelling people to "move on."

Another millionaire has married a chorus girl. It looks as if the millionaires had formed a combination to put the musical comedy shows out of business.

This country's crop of corn, oats, wheat, barley and potatoes amounts to 5,240,000,000 bushels for the year, but pessimistic people will complain because there has been a small yield of choke-cherries.

Pellagra is said to come from the use of moldy cornmeal baked and eaten without trimmings. Cornbeaten made of wholesome grain, well-buttered and with maple syrup, will not suffer in reputation.

It is proposed to have petroleum paths across the Atlantic so that people may go to and come from Europe without being shaken up. However, the customs-inspectors will continue to watch at this end.

In deciding that a husband is not compelled to support his mother-in-law, a New York court hands down the dictum that a man does not marry his wife's whole family. Nevertheless, the average wife will insist that it is from her side of the house that the children inherit their beauty.

New Jersey has a club composed of young women over 30, one of whom promises to marry before she is 30 years old. It is encouraging to be told that the exodus of young men from New Jersey has not yet begun.

On 16 ships discovered in the last 15 years there have been discoveries by divers of gold, silver, and other metals.

CHASE S. OSBORN IS ELECTED BY 45,000

MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS ELECT THEIR ENTIRE STATE TICKET BY GOOD MAJORITIES.

Congressional Delegation Will Consist of Ten Republicans and Two Democrats—a Loss of Two Seats in the House.

Governor—Chase S. Osborn, Sault Ste. Marie.
Lieutenant-Governor—John A. Ross, Muskegon.
Secretary of State—F. C. Marindale, Detroit.
State Treasurer—Albert E. Sleeper, Lexington.
Auditor-General—O. B. Fuller, Ford River.
Attorney-General—Franz C. Kuhn, Mt. Clemens.
Commissioner of State Land Office—Hundley Russell, Grand Rapids.

Justice of the Supreme Court—John E. Bird, Adrian.

Rejected:

CONGRESSMEN ELECTED.
First district—F. E. Doremus, D.
Second district—W. W. Wedemeyer, R.
Third district—J. M. C. Smith, R.
Fourth district—E. L. Hamilton, R.
Fifth district—E. F. Sweet, D.
Sixth district—Sam W. Smith, R.
Seventh district—Henry McCormick, R.
Eighth district—J. W. Fordney, R.
Ninth district—J. C. McLaughlin, R.
Tenth district—George A. Loud, R.
Eleventh district—F. H. Dodge, R.
Twelfth district—H. O. Young, R.



CHASE S. OSBORN.

Complete returns from the whole state place Chase Osborn's plurality close to 45,000, the upper peninsula giving him 18,000. Doremus carries the first congressional district over Denby by 2,200, majority. Dikeman loses to Sweet in the fifth district by 400.

In the upper peninsula, Osborn ran just a little better than Warner did two years ago. Warner's plurality above the straits in 1908 was 22,028, while Osborn's Tuesday was 18,185. This latter total shows a falling-off of nearly 4,000, but when the lightness of the vote is considered, it is easily to be seen that Osborn made the better run.

Doremus Carries First District.

The one great surprise of the election in Detroit was the defeat of Congressman Edwin Denby of the first district, who is now serving his third term in congress by former City Controller Frank E. Doremus. His defeat was decisive—105 out of 120 precincts giving Denby 15,126 votes and Doremus 17,225, a majority for the Democratic party of 2,000.

Dikeman Loses by 400.

Complete returns from the fifth congressional district make it certain that Dikeman was defeated for re-election by Edwin F. Sweet of Grand Rapids, by a majority of 400. Kent went heavily and Jona slightly for Sweet, and Ottawa failed to pile up a big enough majority for Dikeman to offset these.

In all the other congressional districts the Republican candidates were successful, but in every case but one by much smaller pluralities than two years ago. This exception is the third district, where J. M. C. Smith won out by 6,601 over N. H. Stewart. Two years ago, Washington Gardner, whom Smith defeated for renomination at the primaries had 5,171. The pluralities of Hamilton in the fourth and Sam Smith in the sixth, are hardly half the figures of two years ago, and the indications are that in all the other districts the pluralities will show, when all the figures are in, almost as great a falling off.

Fifteen Democratic Legislators.

Complete returns from the whole state show that the next legislature will stand as follows:

Senate: Republicans, 29; Democrats, 3.

House: Republicans, 88; Democrats, 12.

The Democrats who were successful are: For the senate—James A. Murtha and James H. Lee, Wayne.

House—H. C. Glassner, Barry.

Wolcott; Calhoun; John Holland.

Fred Kappeler, Houghton.

R. Raubach and A. C. Cattil.

Ingham; T. B. Taylor, Kent; Ed.

Win. Former Livingston; Thomas T.

What Did She Do?

"And this place is called 'Lover's Leap.'

"Why is it called that? There's nothing to leap from!"

"See that red ant heap? He sat on it."

"My brother wrote me that he is going to spend a few weeks in W. O. What does he mean?"

"I think she has a *vis-à-vis* of her own in that boy," said the Samaritan. "But in the absence of a reference, I am going to open my

letter to you."

"To bring her to a hurry was smalling safe, but nobody had smelling salts."

"I think she has a *vis-à-vis* of her own in that boy," said the Samaritan.

"But in the absence of a reference, I am going to open my

letter to you."

"My brother wrote me that he is going to spend a few weeks in W. O. What does he mean?"

"I think she has a *vis-à-vis* of her own in that boy," said the Samaritan.

"But in the absence of a reference, I am going to open my

letter to you."

THE DEMOCRATS WIN THE HOUSE

LATE RETURNS SHOW THAT THE DEMOCRATS HAVE A MAJORITY OF 25.

THE DEMOCRATS GAIN NINE SEATS IN PRESIDENT TAFT'S HOME STATE.

John A. Dix Elected Governor of New York, Defeating Harry L. Stimson by 60,000.

The proportions of the Democratic landslide which swept the country Tuesday are beginning to be seen. Late returns show that the Democrats will have a working majority of 25 in the next house, and it is possible the Democratic lead may be still further swollen.

In Ohio, President Taft's home state, the Republican defeat is accentuated. So far it is known that 17 Democrats have been sent to congress and three Republicans. This is a Democratic gain of nine seats. The Republicans elected:

Longworth, of the first district.

Sweitzer, of the tenth, and Taylor of the twelfth district. The election of Speelman of Cincinnati, Howland of the twenty-first and Aubrey Thomas of the nineteenth, is in doubt. Late returns reverse the vote in the tenth Illinois district, which goes to George E. Ross, chairman of the house naval committee, by 1,450. His opponent, Richard J. Flanagan, a newspaperman, received 15,160 votes.

Former President Roosevelt, rep-

resented in New York by John A. Dix, Democrat, wins gubernatorial election by 60,000.

Democrat H. L. Stimson, the col-

league's candidate, Roosevelt loses home

town and district. Republican plural-

ity of 70,000 in 1908 reversed

Champ Clark, Democratic leader

and candidate for speaker, proba-

bly will be able to fulfill his threat

to drive a mule team down Pennsyl-

vania Avenue.

Gov. Harmon's plurality is 60,000,

the largest Ohio has ever given to a

Democratic governor.

Ohio Democrats are claiming the

election of the whole state ticket,

with the possible exception of At-

torney General Dennett.

Woodrow Wilson's plurality as gov-

ernor of New Jersey is 20,000.

Eugene N. Foss, Democrat, ousts E.

S. Draper from Bay State governor-

ship by 32,000 plurality.

Judge Simeon Baldwin, of

Rhode Island, is Connecticut governor

by nearly 5,000.

John K. Tamm, baseball star and

governor of Pennsylvania. Demo-

crats capture Fifth congressional

district, wiping out the Republican

majority of 13,268. First Socialist sent to legislature.

California goes solidly for the G. O.

P. Hiriam Johnston, progressive

being elected governor.

Illinois Democrats take six Republi-

cans seats. Lee O'Neill Browne accus-

ed Lorimer case, and two other al-

leged jackpotters elected.

Republicans win sweeping victories

in Washington, electing all three con-

gressmen. Woman suffrage probably

defeated.

Major Dahman of Omaha, Demo-

cratic candidate for governor in Ne-

braska, is worsted by C. A. Aldrich.

Republ. Dahman quarreled with

W. J. Bryan on the county option

question, and was opposed by the

Iowa is still uncertain, with both

sides claiming the governorship.

Robert B. Bass, progressive and

Roosevelt ally, wins New Hampshire

governorship, defeating Clarence E.

Wood, Democrat, by 6,000.

Rhode Island legislature will be

deadlocked on the question of elect-

The COAST of CHANCE

BY ESTHER
E. LUCIA
CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATION BY MARGUERITE
CARTOON BY BOB MCNAUL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatsworth estate, at the club, in the exploits of an English thief, Bartell Wand, are recalled. Flora, who was present, describes the ring to his dances. Flora, Gilsey, and her chaperone, Clara, return home, having been with the heathen gods with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club. In the possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy about the secret. Flora meets Kerr again, but she is afraid to speak to him when he gets a glimpse of that sapphire. The possibility that the stone might be a charm to attract her much anguishes Flora. Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing-room. Flora refuses to give up the stone to Kerr. Her interest in Kerr increases. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but tells her to keep it for a day or two. Flora is worried about Harry's safety. Flora's cup for her father, Judge Buller. Flora believes Harry suspects Kerr and is waiting to make sure of the reward before he intent about something. Kerr and Clara confess their love for each other.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

The child furtively tested her calm, biting it as to taste the glitter, and Flora waited, lost, given up by herself, passively watching for the road to be filled again with his presence. He was back after a long minute, and this time took up his stand at the door, where, pushing aside the tightly drawn curtain a little, from time to time he looked out into the street. Sometimes his eyes followed the cracks of the plastered wall; sometimes he studied the floor at his feet; every moment she saw, he was alert, expectantly watching and waiting, and though he never looked at her sitting behind him, she felt his protection between her and the darkening street. She sat in the shadow of it, feeling it all around her, claiming her as it would claim her henceforth from the world. A ghost of light glimmered along the curtains of the window, and stopped, quivering, in the middle of the curtained door. Then he turned and beckoned her. Sheer weakness kept her sitting. He went to her, took her face between his hands, and looked into it long and intently.

"You don't want to go!" The words fell from his lips like an accision. His sudden realization of what she felt held him there dumb with disappointment. "You have won me," her look was saying, "and yet I have immediately become a worthless thing because I am going; and I don't believe in going." She felt she had failed him—how cruelly, was written in his face. But it was only for a moment that she made him hesitate. The next she shook himself free.

"Well, come," he said.

She felt that all doors would fly open at his bidding. She felt herself swept powerless at his will with all the yielding in her soul that she had felt in her body when his arms were around her. He had taken her by the hand—he was leading her out into the gusty night, where all lights faded, the gas-lights marching up the street over the hill into the unknown, and the lights gleaming at her like eyes in the dark bulk of the carriage waiting before the door. It all glimmered before her—a picture she might never see again—might not see after she passed through the carriage door that gaped for her. The will that had swept her out of the door was moving her beyond her own will, as it had moved her that morning in the garden, beyond all things that she knew. There was no feeling left in her but the despair of extreme surrender.

She found herself in the carriage. She saw his face in the carriage door as pale as anger, yet not angry; it was some bigger thing that looked at her from his eyes. He looked a long while, as if he bade her never to forget this moment. Then, "I'll give you 24 hours," he said. "This man will take you home." He shut the carriage door—shut it between them. Before she had gathered breath he had straightened, fallen back, raised his hat, and the carriage was turning. Flora thrust her head, straw hat and ribbons, out of the window.

"Oh, I love you!" she called to him. She sank back in the cushions and covered her face with her hands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Goblin Tactics. For a little she kept her face hidden, shutting out the present, jealously living with the wonderful thing that had happened to her. It was so wonderful, as anything—she had dreamt might come when she had written him that letter. And if she needed any proof of his love, she had had it in the moment when he had let her go. There he had transcended her hope.

He had been wonderful. In a way she had not expected. He had shown her, so beautifully that he could be reached in spite of his obsession. Might not she hope to touch him just a little further? Was there any height now that he might not rise to?

She seemed to see the possible end of it all, shaping itself out of his magnanimity. She seemed to see him finally relinquishing his passion for the jewel, and his passion for her, for the sake of something finer than both. She looked out of the window. The flickers of gas-lamps tell intermittently through it upon her. Her queer vehicle was rattling crazily, jolting as if every spring were at its last leap. She was out of the quiet, blue street, Montgomery Avenue, with its lights, its glittering gilt names and Latin inscriptions, was traveling by on either

side of her. The voice of the city was growing louder in her ears, the crowd on the pavement increased. She sat looking out at the maze of moving lights and figures without seeing them, intent on an idea that was growing clearer, larger, moment by moment in her mind.

Kerr's appearance in her garden—his capture of her—had not been the fantastic freak it had seemed. He had had his purpose. He had taken her out of her environment; he had carried her beyond succor or menace just that he might carry them both so much further and faster through their differences. They had not reached the point of agreement yet, but might they not on some other ground where they could be unchallenged? It seemed to her if she could only meet him on her own ground for once—instead of for ever on Clara's or Harry's—only meet him alone, where beyond their reach, it might be accomplished, it might be brought to the end she so wished.

The hack, which had been moving along at a rapid pace, slowed now to a walk among the thickening traffic, and from a mere moving mass the crowd appeared as individuals—a stream of dark figures and white faces. Her eyes slipped from one to another. Here one stood still on the lamp-post corner, looking down with lips moving quickly and silently. It was strange to see those rapid, eager, moving lips with no sound from them audible. Then her eyes were startled by something familiar in the figure, though the direct down-gaze of the ball of light above him distorted the features with shadows. She pressed her face against the window-glass in palpitating doubt. It was Harry.

She covered in the corner of the carriage. In a moment the risks of her situation were before her. Had he seen her? Oh no, at least not yet. He had been too intent on whomever he was talking to. She peered to make sure that he was still safely on the street corner. He was just opposite, and now that the eddy of the crowd had left a little clear space around him, she saw with whom he was talking. It was Harry.

She covered in the corner of the carriage. In a moment the risks of her situation were before her. Had he seen her? Oh no, at least not yet. He had been too intent on whomever he was talking to. She peered to make sure that he was still safely on the street corner. He was just opposite, and now that the eddy of the crowd had left a little clear space around him, she saw with whom he was talking. It was Harry.

The hack was turning. She relaxed with dismay that it was turning sharp around that very corner where they stood. Suppose Harry should chance to glance through its window and see Flora Gilsey sitting trembling within. The hack wheezed and cramped, and all at once she heard it scrape the curb. Then she was lost!

She looked up brave in her desperation, ready to meet Harry's eyes. She saw the back of his head. For a moment it loomed directly above her, then it moved. He was separating from his companion. With one stride he vanished out of the square frame of the window, and there remained full fronting her, staring in upon her, the face of his companion.

Back flashed to her memory the goldsmith's shop—dullness and odors all at once—and that wide uninviting stare that had fixed her from the other side of the counter. The blue-eyed Chinaman! In the glare of white light, in his terrible clearness and nearness, she knew him instantly.

The hack plumped forward, the face was gone. But she remained, nevertheless, powerless to move, frozen in her stupefaction, while her vehicle pursued its crazy course. It was ploughing up Sutter street toward Kearney, where at this hour the town was widest awake, and the crowd was a crowd she knew. At any instant people she knew might be going in and out of the florists' shops and restaurants, or passing her in carriages. And what of Flora Gilsey in her morning dress and garden hat, in a night hawk of a Telegraph Hill hack, flying through their midst like a mad woman? They were the least of her fears. She had forgotten them. The only thing that remained to her was the memory of Harry and the blue-eyed Chinaman together on the street corner.

She had been given a glimpse of that large scheme that Harry was carrying forward somewhere out of her sight—such a glimpse as Clara had given her in the rising of her room, as Ella had shown in her hysterical revelation. Again she felt the threat of those ominous signs of danger, as a lone general at a last stand with his troops clustered at his back, seen in front and behind, on either side of him, the glitter of bayonets in the bushes.

She was in the midst of the tangled traffic of Kearney street. Swimming lights and crowds were all around her. She peered forth cautiously upon it. She saw a florid face, a woman she knew casually—and there her eyes fastened, not for the woman's brilliant presence, but for what she saw directly in front of her, thrown into relief upon its background—a short and shabby figure, foreign, equivocal, reticent, the figure of a blue-eyed Chinaman.

He was standing still while the crowd flowed past him. This time he was alone. He seemed to be waiting, yet not to watch, as if he had already seen what he was expecting and knew that it must pass his way. It was uncanny, his reappearance, at a second interval or hot route, standing as he had stood there from the first, patient, expectant, motionless. It was worse than uncanny.

All at once an idea, wild and illogical, enough jumped up in her mind. Couldn't this miserable vehicle that was lumbering like a disabled bug move faster and rattle her on out of reach of the glare, the publicity, the threat of discovery, and, above all, of her discomfiting notion?

She thrust her head far out and addressed the driver. "Go as fast as you can, faster! I'll give you twice what you gave you." The words rang in wildly to her own ears that she half expected the driver



"Why, You Poor Child. What's Happened to You?"

to peer down like an old bird of prey from his perch and demand her reason. But he made no sound or sign. It may have been that in his time he had heard even wilder requests than hers. He only sent his whip cracking forward to the ears of the lean horse, and the cab began to rattle like a mad thing.

Flora leaned back with a sigh of relief. The mere sensation of being borne along at such a rate, the sight of houses, lamp-posts, even people here and there, fitting away from the eye, unable to interrupt her course, or even to glimpse her identity, gave her a feeling of safety. The more she traveled, dimly aware of voices going on beyond the curtains of the drawing room, but all her listening power was concentrated on the silence without—a silence that remained unbroken, and out of which Shima returned with the same imperturbable countenance.

"He wants ten dollars."

"Oh, yes, give him anything," Flora gasped. If that was all the Chinaman had followed her for! But her relief was momentary for instantly

Shima was back again.

"I gave him ten dollars, the cabman."

Now she gasped again. "Oh, the cabman! But the other one!" For instant Shima seemed to hesitate; glancing past her shoulder as if there was something that he doubted behind her. Then as she still hung on his answer he brought it out in a lowered voice.

"Madam, there was no one else there."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Face in the Garden. With her hand at her distressed forehead she turned and saw, between the curtains of the drawing room, Harry and behind him Clara, looking out at her with faces of amazement, and she fancied, horror.

Harry came straight for her.

"Why, you poor child, what's happened to you?"

She gave him a look. She couldn't forget their scene in the red room, but the mixture of apprehension and real concern in his face went far toward melting her. She might even have told him something, at least a part of the truth, but for that other standing watching her from the dining room door. With Clara, there was nothing for it but to ignore her disordered hair, her hat in her hand, her ruffe-torn and trailing-on the floor.

She put on a splendid nonchalance, as if it were none of their business. "Oh, I am sorry if I kept you waiting."

It was Clara who spoke to her, past Harry's blank astonishment. "Why, we don't mind waiting a few moments more while you dress."

"I shan't have to dress." Such a statement Flora felt must amaze even Shima, waiting like an image on the threshold of the dining room. But if these people were waiting to be amazed, she felt herself equal to amazing them to the top of their expectations.

"Oh, but at least go up and let Marika give you some pins," Clara protested, hurrying forward as if fairly to drive her.

"Thank you, no, this will do," Flora said. On one point she was quite clear. She wasn't going to leave those two together for a moment to discuss her plight; not till she could first get Harry alone. Then—and there she turned to the mirror and with her comb began to catch back and smooth the disorder of her hair, seeing all the while Clara's reflection hovering perturbed and vigilant in the background of her own.

While her hands were busy seeming to accommodate Clara, her mind was marshaled to Clara's outwitting. The only thing to do was—tell nothing. Let Clara spend her time in guessing. Unless by some wild chance she had seen Kerr in the garden she couldn't come near the truth of what had happened. But what was to be done with Harry? Harry was too close to her to be ignored.

At that dreadful dinner, where she opened the door there was nothing but darkness and silence. She had never been so glad of anything in her life as of the kind, astute, yellow face he presented to her distressed appearance.

For the moment before Shima

suspicious glances flashing across the table at her strange disorder, that the idea occurred to her of a way out of it. She was bold enough to try a daring thrust at the mystery. If ever a hunter was to be led off on a false scent, Harry was that one. She was amazed at the sudden, fearless impulse that had sprung up in her. She wasn't even afraid to say to him under Clara's nose, "Harry, I want you to myself after dinner. Come up into the garden study."

He was very willing to follow her. She thought she detected in his alacrity something more than curiosity or concern. It seemed almost as if Harry was ashamed of that scene in the red room, and anxious to make it up with her. He even tried before they had reached the head of the stairs. "Oh, Flora—I say, Flora, I—"

But an explanation between them was the last thing she wanted just then. She fairly ran, leaving him panting in the wake of her airy skirts.

For the first time since the thing began Clara was left out completely. Flora knew she was even left out of a possibility of listening at the key-hole. For the bright, tight, little room into which Harry followed her was approached by a square entry and a double door. The room itself overhung the garden as a ship's deck overhangs the sea. Leather books and long red curtains were the note of it.

She and Harry had often been here together before.

He hadn't got his breath. He had hardly shut the door on them before she began. "Well, something has happened." She had his attention.

His other purpose was arrested. "One thing is extraordinary. I would have told you on the spot, only I thought you would rather Clara didn't know it."

"?" That left him staring. "What have I to do with it?"

At this she gave him a long look. "It was through you ever had the chance of seeing me. I mean the blue-eyed Chinaman. He has followed me all the evening. He followed me to the very door." Flora's array of facts fell so fast, so hard, so pointed, that for a moment they held him speechless in the middle of the room.

Any fleeting suspicion she might have had of his complicity in the Chinaman's pursuit vanished. He showed plain bewilderment. For a moment he was more at sea than herself. The next she saw the shadow of a thought so disturbing that it sharpened his ruddy face to harshness. He stepped toward her. "What did he say to you?" He loomed directly above her, threatening.

"Nothing. He didn't say anything. But I know he followed me quite to the house. I saw his shadow all the way down the hill."

Harry still breathed quickly. "Where—how did he—come across you?"

She'd been prepared for the question. "I was driving down Sutter street and he saw me at the carriage window."

"I gave him ten dollars, the cabman."

Now she gasped again. "Oh, the cabman! But the other one!" For instant Shima seemed to hesitate; glancing past her shoulder as if there was something that he doubted behind her. Then as she still hung on his answer he brought it out in a lowered voice.

"Madam, there was no one else there."

CHAPTER XX.

The Face in the Garden. With her hand at her distressed forehead she turned and saw, between the curtains of the drawing room, Harry and behind him Clara, looking out at her with faces of amazement, and she fancied, horror.

Harry came straight for her.

"Why, you poor child, what's happened to you?"

She gave him a look. She couldn't forget their scene in the red room, but the mixture of apprehension and real concern in his face went far toward melting her. She might even have told him something, at least a part of the truth, but for that other standing watching her from the dining room door. With Clara, there was nothing for it but to ignore her disordered hair, her hat in her hand, her ruffe-torn and trailing-on the floor.

She put on a splendid nonchalance, as if it were none of their business. "Oh, I am sorry if I kept you waiting."

It was Clara who spoke to her, past Harry's blank astonishment. "Why, we don't mind waiting a few moments more while you dress."

"I shan't have to dress." Such a statement Flora felt must amaze even Shima, waiting like an image on the threshold of the dining room. But if these people were waiting to be amazed, she felt herself equal to amazing them to the top of their expectations.

"Oh, but at least go up and let Marika give you some pins," Clara protested, hurrying forward as if fairly to drive her.

"Thank you, no, this will do," Flora said. On one point she was quite clear. She wasn't going to leave those two together for a moment to discuss her plight; not till she could first get Harry alone. Then—and there she turned to the mirror and with her comb began to catch back and smooth the disorder of her hair, seeing all the while Clara's reflection hovering perturbed and vigilant in the background of her own.

While her hands were busy seeming to accommodate Clara, her mind was marshaled to Clara's outwitting. The only thing to do was—tell nothing. Let Clara spend her time in guessing. Unless by some wild chance she had seen Kerr in the garden she couldn't come near the truth of what had happened. But what was to be done with Harry? Harry was too close to her to be ignored.

At that dreadful dinner, where she opened the door there was nothing but darkness and silence. She had never been so glad of anything in her life as of the kind, astute, yellow face he presented to her distressed appearance.

For the moment before Shima

opened the door there was nothing but darkness and silence. She knew that if she didn't attack him, he would be attacked by him. It was here in the midst of the noiseless passing of Shima, watching Harry's



capable break. "He may have had a better offer for it since."

He couldn't have put it more mildly, and yet that temperate phrase brought back to her in a flash a windy night full of raucous voices and the great figures in the paper that had covered half a page—the reward for the Crew Idol. Could it be that—sum so overwhelming to human caution and human decency which Harry had cloaked by his grudging phrase "some better offer"? What else could he mean? And what else could the blue-eyed Chinaman mean by his strange pursuit of her?

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

His Peculiar Predicament

By Stacy E. Baker

(Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Lukedale!" shouted the conductor.

The fussy, little old gentleman with the numerous packages, and the tall, broad-shouldered youth occupying the seat in front of him, hastily seized their belongings and bolted for the door. Lukedale is a small stop.

Hardly were the two safe on the rough boards bounding the station before the older man's parcels began to slip and slide in an awkward way, and, but for the hasty assistance of the other, the majority of them would have fallen.

"Thank you," wheezed the suburbanite. "You are a stranger here about, are you not?"

"This is my first trip to Lukedale," smiled the young man. He reached for his card-case, then realized that it would be a physical impossibility for the old gentleman to accept it and retain possession of his purchases, he said:

"My name is Hampton. I have an aunt living here whom I shall visit. Can you direct me to the residence of Miss Cornelie Wade?"

The other eyed his companion curiously. A half smile flashed on his lips.

"I go right by the house," he answered. "My name is Warren. Pleased to make your acquaintance, Hampton. I hope we shall know each other better before you leave town."

It was now about nine o'clock in the evening and beginning to get dark. Hampton was thankful for the company of the other, and having nothing but his own light suit case to carry, attempted to relieve his guide of some of his load.

To this the old man strenuously objected. "I'm used to it," he protested. "Do this stunt almost every night."

Thereafter he was strangely reticent, breaking out into an occasional chuckle, but essaying few words.



"A Most Eccentric Old Chap," Thought the Youth.

"A most eccentric old chap," thought the youth, but after one or two attempts to start a conversation he humored the man's mood.

The streets of Lukedale were a credit to the town, and this helped a great deal, because the lights were conspicuously inadequate. The little burg seemed to have been laid out all on one street.

At last the two drew near a large domicile, aristocratic in appearance, and towering majestically above its neighbors.

"Your destination," said Warren, pointing.

It was now dark. The windows of the house were ablaze.

Up the broad path leading to the spacious veranda the two strode. A burst of girlish laughter came suddenly out to them, and Warren again chuckled.

"I had understood that my aunt lived alone," remarked Hampton unctuously.

"Then she must have company," suggested the old gentleman dryly. "That certainly isn't her voice."

A sharp picture of his grim relative, sharp featured, suspicious-eyed, flashed for an instant before the mind's eye of Hampton. Warren was right. Miss Wade must be entertaining.

Warren surprised the youth by stepping up to the door, and in a perfectly at home manner, flinging it wide open.

"Enter," he wheezed, dramatically, and as Hampton, dazzled by the light, cleared the voice of the old gentleman followed him across the threshold. "This is Mr. Hampton, of New York, come to visit his aunt, Miss Cornelie Wade."

The door slammed shut, and the sound of hasty feet descending the steps on the other side caused Hampton to turn in surprise. He was alone. Still he had time.

He turned to the window, and, looking out, saw the two girls in the garden, talking and laughing. He was alone.

passing second, the white of her cheeks.

"I am Virginia," said the girl simply. "Let me introduce my mother and my sister, Louise."

The two women came forward. Louise was a young maid, in looks and actions the double of the fair Virginia. She had the same graceful carriage, the same rich voice.

"Oscar is a tease," contributed the matron. "One—especially a stranger—never knows how to take him." Her laughing eyes peered out at Hampton and a roguish twinkle of a smile lit up his face.

"But—" ventured Hampton, ill at ease. "I am sure there has been a mistake, I—"

"Oh, we all understand," laughed Virginia. "We all know Uncle Oscar."

"But—"

"Positively no explanations. They are not needed."

"I only wish you understood," half-whispered Hampton, gazing wistfully at the girl. She had made a great impression on the youth from the city. With a social footing in New York second to none, and an income that had allowed him to travel extensively, he had imagined that the gentler sex had paled upon him. Hence this early-spring fitting to Lukedale. He was cloven by society and women.

This girl was a revelation. Confident of poise, cool wholly at ease, under what must be to her, to say the least, singular circumstances, she was, within, prettily natural and simple.

"Probably Mr. Hampton wishes to bathe his hands after his long ride on that hateful accommodation."

It was the elderly woman who spoke. Show him to his room, Virginia. He can join us at his convenience."

With a resigned sigh, Hampton followed the maid. Some one had been expected by these good people. In a short time the proper guest would arrive, and then—well, Hampton, impostor, would be kicked out. This would end his acquaintance with this rare maid.

Timidly, Hampton again entered the parlor.

A wheezy voice greeted him. "How d'ye do, Hampton? Feeling refreshed?"

The young New Yorker glared at the returned Jester. Uncle Oscar shifted about uneasily under the prolonged and eloquent stare.

"Um-m," ventured Uncle Oscar. "I guess I'll have to speak with Hampton alone for a moment."

Unceremoniously, he dragged the youth into the library.

"It's all right," he interrupted, rising a pudgy hand to the young man's wrathful vociferations. "It's all right, Hampton. Don't get excited. I met your aunt on my trip to the city—personally acquainted with her, you know. She was called away suddenly to the bedside of a sick friend, and she asked me to find you and bring you here to my sister's home, where she had made arrangements for you to stay until her return. Satisfied?"

"Surely," beamed the youth.

"More than satisfied. I like—"

"Yes, I see you do," said the old man. "Virginia likes you, too. See how she flushed when you came back—oh! Well, good luck to you, Hampton. As for me, I'm going home." The old man disappeared down the hall leading to the street door. Hampton hurried back to the parlor.

Illegible Signatures

Occasionally you may receive a letter from the man whose signature at the bottom of the letter couldn't have been read by himself if someone else had put it over on him.

He dashes in at the upper left hand corner of the signature place as if he were a scroll designing artist, romps across it, comes back near the point of beginning, and with a swirl or two completes the second initial, after which he buzzsaws his name in full and more, winding up with a pen slash that would scar a man's face worse than five hatches 18 inches long.

And when you write to him he's sore and embarrassed if you haven't written his initials and name rightly in the address.

There are just two recourses that you may have in trying to decipher the name in full. His letterhead paper may contain his name if he's at all important in the organization—providing, of course, that you have enough hunch in the signature to trace it in print.

That other recourse as to the initial letters of Christian and surnames may be found in a possible stenographer's addendum, "BPG—K." This means that the stenographer "K" has taken the dictated letter from "BPG" who has written to you.

Rice Growing in the Jungle. Rice is "wet" that grows for the most part in flooded land; or "dry" that raised on uplands. Its growth in those regions where civilization has penetrated least is pathetic. Parts of the east are still covered with virgin forest of tall trees; underneath all is dark in heavy shade. Creepers twine up hundreds of feet and are all topped off with indestructible brushwood, hunting for air and sunshine. In the thick wood a suitable spot is chosen, for rice they must have or starve. Undergrowth is cut out and staked and hedged around to make a fence for the little rice farm.

Now, the Indians I know are not religious, because I know about God, show nothing but contempt for him. They are now nothing but savages.

MANNER OF KING GEORGE

General Woodrow Says Great Britain's Ruler Is a Typical, Real Gentleman.

There was a general impression when George V. came to the throne that he had none of his father's bonhomie that put all men at their ease. Events have proved that this opinion has no foundation and only arose from ignorance of the new king's character, due to the quiet and retired life he has led.

Since his accession he has received deputation after deputation, representing all classes, and all have gone away with a high opinion of George V.'s savor-faire. When Gen. Stewart L. Woodford as president of the Hudson-Fulton commission of New York presented the gold medal and address, originally intended to be given to Edward VII., the new king did not content himself with a formal acceptance and transmission of a stereotyped reply, but talked freely for half an hour.

His manner is quiet yet cordial; his way of speaking, which recalls that of his cousin Prince Henry of Prussia is frank; he gives the impression of not being a talkative man without appearing reticent. In fact General Woodford sum it up as "the speech of the typical real sailor man." His late professor, too, is evidently the subject nearest his heart, for he talked to General Woodford with knowledge of the three varieties sent to New York for the fêtes and with appreciation of Admiral Seymour, who commanded them.

DEATH POPULAR IN NAMES

New York Leads to Ghastly Nomenclature, Is Discovery of an Englishman.

"No city I have ever visited is so fond of death as a part of the city's nomenclature as New York is," said the Englishman. "Before I have been here a day I learned that Eleventh Avenue is called Death Avenue, that the turn in the street railway tracks at Fourteenth street is Dead Man's Curve, and that every important trench everybody is digging for building purposes or other improvements is called Dead Man's Gulch."

"Later when rambling about the city I discovered other spots whose gruesome appellations may not be so widely known but are as firmly fixed in reality. Three hills I have climbed are called Dead Man's Hill on account of the coasting accidents that have occurred there."

"In the upper part of the city I was taken to admire the view from two points which are known as Dead Man's bluff and Dead Man's ledge. An other friend of cheerful turn of mind has volunteered to show me just as soon as he gets time a beautiful spot up in the Bronx called Death's tollgate. All those names no doubt have a strong local significance, but they are rather depressing to a stranger."

Land and Water Craft

Rear Admiral John A. Howell, retired, inventor of the Howell torpedo, having built a craft which he believes will solve the problem of combining land and water travel. The boat, which is being built at the plant of the Bath Marine Construction company, is 20 feet long, 6 feet 5 inches beam and with a tall 10 feet long. She will be fitted with 10-horsepower engine, making 1,000 revolutions a minute. She will have a 21-inch pitch on the port side and a trawl wheel at the stern. The two driving wheels are four feet in diameter and are placed forward. Except for the driving wheels, the craft is constructed on the lines of any small boat. It is expected that the boat will make about seven miles an hour in the water and twelve on land. It is understood that she will be ready for her trial early in the coming month. The new boat might well be named the Crocodile—Kennelie Journal.

Hidden Room of a Castle

In the course of some repairs at Longleat, Wiltshire, a room with a fireplace was discovered of which nobody had the slightest knowledge. It had apparently been built up for years, and neither Lord Bath nor anybody at Longleat had any suspicion of the existence of such an apartment.

Longleat, which is said to be the best well built house in the kingdom, was erected by Sir John Thynne, and its construction occupied 12 years from January, 1567, until 1579. The first royal visitor to Sir John's noble mansion was Queen Elizabeth, and the story runs that the owner was not very anxious for his sovereign to see his home, as she might ask him where he obtained the money to build, so stately a house. Sir John Thynne, who was knighted after the battle of Flodden, was the factor of the Protector Somerset, and it is said that he built Longleat from designs prepared by his fallen master for a house of his own, as he might ask him where he obtained the money to build, so stately a house.

Palatial Ocean Steamers

The new White Star Line ships will have a displacement of 60,000 tons, as compared with the 32,000 tons of the Cunarders. They will be 840 feet long as against the 762 feet of the Cunarders, and their sister ship, Altona, will not have such machinery as the Cunarders possess, they will be in all other respects as luxurious passenger liners as any ships afloat.

They will have accommodations for 1,600 persons and carry crews of 500 men each.

As to Uses of Soap

Can soap be done without? According to a member of the English public, it is an unnecessary article, and man may be kept clean with plain water. Nations have risen to greatness without soap. Ancient Rome, our old familiar companion, Rome, knew nothing of soap until she came in contact with the Germans and the Gauls, who used it to brighten the color of the hair. Once or twice soap is mentioned in the Old Testament, but it doesn't mean the oily substance that it is today. Painful as it is for Americans who have lived in England to admit, it would be better for general comfort if more soap was used there. Thus, instead of advancing its coat, let it be loosened and so placed that it does not fit tightly, and so placed that the cleansing article within the reach of all. But the new soap combines all the good qualities of soap, and it doesn't cost much.

Careless Change

Reflect often upon the instability of things and how very fast the scenes of nature are shifted. Matter is in a perpetual flux. Change is always and everywhere at work; it strikes through plants and insects and leaves nothing fixed and permanent. And then how near to us stand two vast gulfs of time, the past and the future, in which all things disappear. Now, is not that a shocker that lets these momentary things make him proud or uneasy, or sorrowful as though they could trouble him for long?

SICK PEOPLE SHOULD INVESTIGATE

I Know the Diseases of Both Sexes Like an Open Book. I have Been Curing Them for 49 Years. In fact, My Entire Life Has Been Devoted to Curing Where Others Have Failed.

I Have Changed Hundreds Upon Hundreds of Nervous Wrecks Into Fine, Strong Men and Women. I Accept No Case I Cannot Cure.

I ESPECIALLY invite all dislocated and disintegrated ones who have been treated with a cure to write me fully and frankly about their case. I cannot cure holding out no hope. My study and cure of chronic diseases, and my study and investigation have been blessed by the discovery of many new and marvelous methods of treating disease. Forty-nine years a Head Physician at the Alms-Sanatorium, Homoeopathic Medical College of Cleveland, O., for many long years a specialist, treating chronic diseases of all kinds with wonderful success, and am now owner of one of the largest sanatoriums in both sexes. I cure the worst forms of Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Paralysis, etc.

My long experience in diagnosing cases and my understandings of the different diseases that I treat enable me almost every case to prescribe the proper medicine. All correspondence in plain envelopes and airmail are welcome.

CURE NERVOUS TROUBLES. Wasting Away, Loss of Vitality, in Both Sexes. Whether from excess or overwork, I promptly and positively cure, no matter of how long standing.

CURE FITS. Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Paralysis, etc., by striking direct at the cause, restoring the diseased nerves perfect health.

CURE PILES. In 30 days to stay cured and to never return.

CURE CONSUMPTION. The Great Plague, in the first and second stages. Have cured hundreds given up by home, where best of medical skill, nursing and private rooms are given, for Ten Dollars a week.

CURE GUARANTEED. to stay cured, liquor, morphine, cocaine, nicotine or cigar.

GUARANTEE TO CURE, to stay cured, liquor, morphine, cocaine, nicotine or cigar.

Call and see me write to either Sanatorium as below.

No matter what disease you are suffering from, write me fully today. I will answer to one and advise you what costs you nothing, may be worth hundreds of dollars—it's itself to you.

Faithfully yours,

ANDREW B. SPINNEY, M. D.

Balding Sanitarium and Retreat, Balding, Mich., or Smyrna Sanitarium, Smyrna, Mich.

Dr. A. B. Spinney will be at the M. C. Depot Hotel Tuesday Nov. 22d from 1:30 p. m. to 6 p. m. consultation free.

OSTRICHES AND A PAIR.

Old Cannons Found Near Venice. A Rome correspondent informs us that some very interesting discoveries have been made in the course of excavation work around the island of Lido at Venice, where a number of ancient pieces of artillery have been found beneath six feet of mud. The cannons are all in a state of excellent preservation, though it is clear from their construction that they must date back to a period almost immediately after the discovery of gunpowder, and it is believed that they will prove of very great artistic and historic value.

Ships of Girls Come to Marry.

Among the second cabin passengers arriving on the Cunard Liner Ivernia at Boston the other day were more than one hundred young women from England and Ireland, many of whom declared that they had come here purely to wed.

When the grave was uncovered it was found that the bier had been turned upside down. The coffin, an oak one, was intact, and on being opened it was found to be empty. The girl's body has disappeared absolutely.